

Student Review

BYU's *Unofficial* Magazine

year 2, issue 9

Provo, Utah

October 28, 1987



SR art by Brian Kubarycz

Death and Dying

Death: Beginning or End?

by Mark Freeman

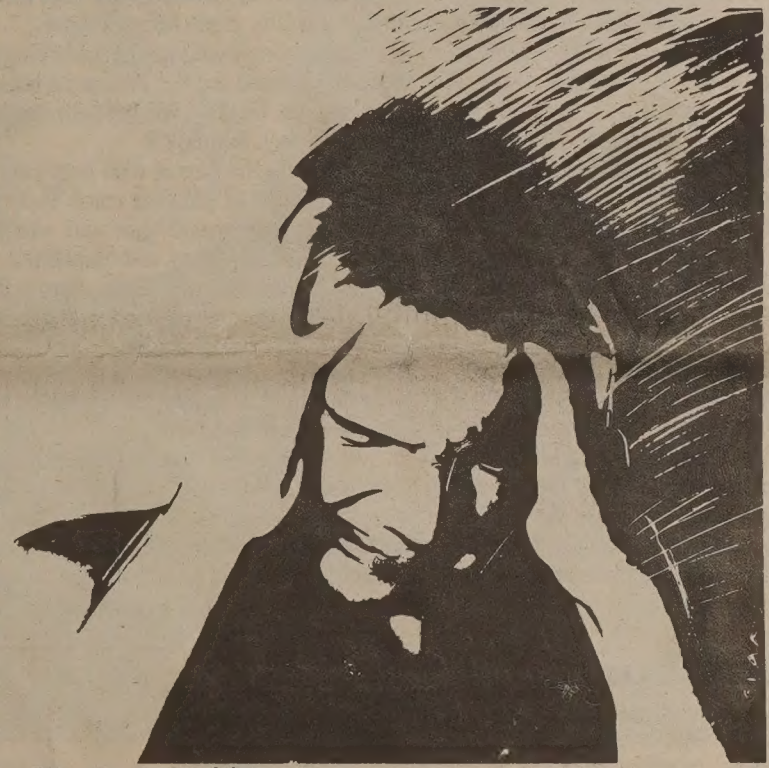
Most religions claim that the human soul lives after death even though the body dies. Factual evidence is rarely relied upon to substantiate religious claims that humans continue to live, at least in spirit, beyond the grave. This disregard for hard facts has led many to conclude that life beyond the grave is probably more myth than truth. But this disregard has also led many to study and evaluate the issue from a non-religious perspective. As a result, there is a large body of evidence both supporting and rejecting human immortality.

Demonstrating that man has a dual nature—a mind and body in Descartes' terms—is a necessary condition for establishing immortality. Some people have claimed that they have the ability to voluntarily will themselves out of their body. Laboratory experiments have been performed to verify these claims.

While volunteers sleep, cognitive activity is monitored instrumentally. A box containing objects or numbers which are only visible from above is suspended from the ceiling. Volunteers are asked to will themselves out of their bodies and commit to memory the time on the laboratory clock and also the contents of the suspended box.

While most of the experimentation has been unsuccessful, there are several notable exceptions. One of them is Ingo Swann who correctly identified objects in a suspended box eight separate nights. Furthermore, the time Swann said he was out of his body corresponded to very unusual laboratory EEG readings. In fact, the pattern of brain waves could not be related to any known type of brain behavior. It would seem that at least Ingo Swann could observe from a vantage point outside his body and therefore, he possessed a dual nature.

Further evidence for dualism comes from extrasensory perception research. A vast body of research gathered from Professor L.L. Vasiliev's research in telepathy offers strong support for extra-sensory perception. In fact, according to Doctors Paul and Linda Badham of St. David's University in Wales, "Both the quality and quantity of evidence for this phenomenon now force its opponents into



SR art by Rachel Adams

desperate straits to deny its reality."

Nevertheless, there is substantial evidence which casts doubt on dualism. Dr. Wilder Penfeld, an American neurosurgeon during the 1940s, found that he could make his patients relive vivid memories by stimulating particular areas of their brains. This seemed to show that memory—long believed to be a part of the intangible mind—was actually embodied in the tangible brain.

Three decades of research with split-brain patients, usually epileptics whose corpus-collosums have been severed, demonstrates that intelligence and behavior are significantly related to the physical nature of the brain. Neurochemical research has also demonstrated a significant union between the physical brain and the previously conceived intangible

please see **Immortality** on back page

Humans May Be Capable of 200-year Lifespan

by Suzette Jensen

People today are living an amazing twenty to thirty years longer than people did just one century ago. If scientific research keeps up this pace, this generation could expect to live as much as twenty years longer than the previous one. But many scientists say that this is not likely. Most past progress in increasing life expectancy has been made by eliminating causes of premature death. People now are living long enough to die of old age.

Now the only strategy for increasing longevity is to manipulate the aging process. The prevailing opinion is that the aging process is too complex to allow more progress. However, some scientists are probing what is known about aging, and are developing ideas for how the aging process might be drastically slowed down in the not-so-distant future.

Maybe the most realistic of these ideas is proposed by Allen Goldstein of George Washington University. He explains that one major cause of aging is the breakdown of the immune system. He correlates the automatic shrinking of the thymus gland over time with the degeneration of the immune system. The hormones which are secreted by the thymus gland regulate T cell levels in the body. Because these T cells act to destroy foreign bodies, produce other antibodies, and protect healthy cells, Goldstein proposes that by monitoring a person's thymosin concentration, doctors could increase the effectiveness of his or her immune system.

In examining a five-year-old girl who had extremely low body weight and chronic infections, Goldstein discovered that she had low levels of T cells. He treated her with Thymosin and she experienced a dramatic recovery. In this case, at least, controlling thymosin levels in the body proved to effectively boost the immune system.

In continuing his study of the function of the thymosin, Goldstein found it to play a large role in the functioning of other major glands. He removed the pituitary and hypothalamus glands of mice. After they were treated with a solution including thymosin, they continued to secrete their vital hormones.

Based on this, Dr. Goldstein suggested that thymosin may regulate hormone secretion, effectively making the thymus gland and the body's aging clock. As the thymus gland shrinks and thymosin concentration reduces, the balance of hormones produced by several glands may be effected, causing one very important part of the aging process. If this is true, the

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US Postage
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Permit No. 48
Provo, UT

Student Review year 2 • issue 9

Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving BYU's campus community. It is edited and managed by student volunteers: BYU students from all disciplines are encouraged to contribute to the Review.

Opinions expressed are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the publisher, the editors, Brigham Young University, or The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Student Review is published weekly during Fall and Winter semesters and monthly during Spring and Summer Terms by Student Review Communications Inc., William James Kelly, president.

If you are interested in becoming involved with Student Review, please write or telephone:

P.O. Box 7092
Provo, Utah 84602
(801) 377-2980

STAFF

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Editor•Dan Nielson
Associate Editors•Kermit King, Merrill Oates
Associate Publisher•Mike Bothwell
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Contributors for this issue:
Suzette Jensen, Brent Elwood, Andy Bay, Dawn Sallenbarger, Matt Yarro, Kristina Stewart, David Veloz, Paris Anderson, Michael Huff, Christie Buttar, Elden Nelson, Karen Voss, Julie Hess,

Dealing With Dying

by Brent Elwood

"Of course you could. You learn to deal with it, you don't have any choice." That's what my sister would tell people who said they could never deal with having cancer. She knew from experience that you didn't have a choice. They diagnosed her cancer when she was sixteen. I was a senior in high school at the time and seldom thought about the possibility of her dying—it hurt too much to spend much time thinking about it. I've always been an optimist anyway and couldn't imagine anything happening to my little sister.

After they removed the original cyst, no other traces of cancer were found. For four years I virtually forgot about the possibility of a recurrence. The year after I returned from my mission my sister married. A year later the cancer reappeared. It only took a month and a half for it to take her life.

My sister was right, you have to learn to deal with it. However, I avoided that as long as I could. Denial is one way of dealing with a terminal illness although not a good way. It was easy to deny the possibility of her dying for quite a while for many reasons: she had beaten it once before. The form of cancer was virtually unknown for a girl her age. At first the doctors were hopeful and stressed the optimistic possibilities. I assumed this was a fluke that would pass, as it had before.

I was also able to deny it because I was not immediately involved, as I had been four years before. Though I visited the hospital I was not there all the time; her husband and my parents had to deal with it continuously. I felt as if I were on the outside looking in, and so was able to remove myself from the situation.

Even with therapy, the doctors only gave her six months to a year. She opted against the therapy: she didn't want to add the discomfort of therapy to the pain of the disease if the therapy could not arrest the disease. When she left the hospital, she and her husband came to live with us. I finally had to face the situation.

It still seemed very unreal to me. She was weak and in pain. But her sense of humor never changed—she was still Leanne. Even hunched over a pillow (it was more comfortable for her that way) she would joke about her condition. When I was around she never seemed to lose her perspective.

We discussed dying and she said that though she didn't want to die she wasn't afraid of it. Looking back, I think she was so tired at that point she was looking forward to the cessation of pain and the opportunity to get on with living. At the time, however, I could not accept, or would not, the possibility that she would die.

School started about the time she came home so I was not around much. I would go in to see her every day, but there were always people stopping to visit and she was so weak that I did not feel comfortable hanging around tiring her even more. She'd been home about a week when she was readmitted to the hospital. I visited her there. I think she recognized me, but she only spoke about six words to me before fading out. Her medication essentially made her comatose.

I finally realized that she was dying. The next day I found out her prognosis was now two to eight weeks. We brought her home that same day, Sunday.

Monday, the nurses who help take care of terminally ill patients came to explain how often they would visit and what they would be doing. They also explained what we would need to do in the days between their visits. We were preparing for the final few weeks. I only glanced in on Leanne a couple times the next couple of days—her condition was the same as it had been in the hospital. Tuesday night she died.

In some ways living with the expectation of someone's death is as difficult or harder than the death itself. The sense of helplessness as you watch them suffer, their guilt at putting their loved ones through the experience, and the agony of waiting are only a few

of the factors that contribute to the difficulty of dealing with a terminally ill loved one.

As a Latter-day Saint, witnessing my sister's death was not difficult for me, dealing with her absence was. Fortunately, I had some strong support systems: the Lord, my family, and my friends. Without the knowledge of an afterlife and the Lord's help, dealing with the loss of my sister would have been unbearable. Heavenly Father has allowed me to experience the pain, but has comforted me when it became too much.

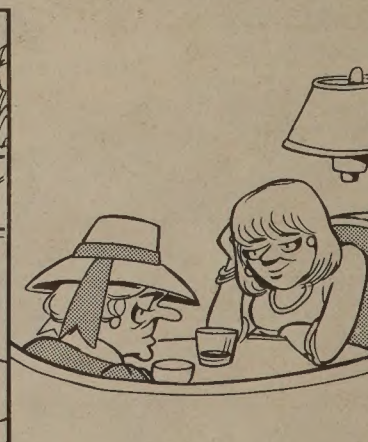
My parents were almost as concerned about how the other children were dealing with the situation as they were about Leanne. Death puts an enormous strain on everyone, but especially on parents and spouses. In a situation where they are affected, other family members need to be particularly aware that they are under stress and may not act as they normally would. Our family was fortunate that we dealt with the problem as well as we did.

Both before and after someone dies it is vitally important to have someone to talk to. The Lord is of course one we should approach. We should also seek out other human companionship. My friends always expressed concern for me and my sister. Knowing they cared made life a little easier in the weeks before and after Leanne's death.

Most importantly, anyone facing such a situation should find at least one person with whom he can express all his emotions freely—someone who will listen and comfort without judging. Because family members are often so engrossed in the situation, friends can play a vital role in helping their friends cope before and after a loved one dies.

You do have to deal with what life presents you. Part of life is death and when someone close to you is dying or dies, it is better not to ignore or deny the situation. I should have started dealing with it Leanne knew what she was talking about—she still does.

Doonesbury



CAMPUS LIFE

What to do When Your Date Dies

by K. Voss

Being on a date with someone who dies is problematic, particularly when the time and place are not of your own choosing. Gentlemen callers rarely think about how irksome it is of them to die. There they'll be — robust and lusty — and they suddenly fall, limp and noodle-like, putting a damper on the whole relationship. Inconvenient and embarrassing, it's apt to produce a ganglia of difficulties. But there are ways of handling the situation, especially for those of taste and good breeding who are willing to learn.

The best course of action is prevention. A couple of casual questions before the courting begins can often alleviate a lot of potential problems: "Hey, before we go, if you die, what would you have me do with your personal effects? Is there someone I can call to come pick you up? What is the exact spelling of your name that you would like to appear on your Death Certificate? Do you have a middle initial? Are you wearing your best underthings?" These are the courteous, and incidentally, the smart things to do.

But not all of us are so prudent and need to know what to do if, in fact, our date dies.

It is important to think of his good name, as well as your dating reputation. He would probably appreciate your discretion. At any rate, people can be really jumpy. If they find out someone has died, they are liable to fall back in manifest alarm, entertain a swirl of speculation and subject you to a web of accusatory questions. They'll want to know what you did, what you said, and generally give you the business. From then on, everything they say to you will be replete with innuendo. You'll then become rather unpopular — and what can I say — it's depressing.

Do not let on that your date has died.

Make like you are having a tender moment. Explain to on-lookers that he is, as young suitors usually are, intoxicated with you. Thusly intoxicated, he swoons. Then, sort of cuddle and murmur endearments: "I know Precious, me too. C'mon Muffin, not here."

Or, if you're more the no-nonsense type, put nosy pokers into their proverbial place: "What is your problem? He's NAPPING! No dying going on around here; he's NAPPING."

Even so, an untimely death is alarming, and you might not be so quick on your feet — in which case I've assembled some miscellaneous hints and caveats.

The first thing to do is compose yourself.

If there is a mess, like if his head exploded or something, get out your emergency hanky and mop things up quickly and discretely, because people could slip. Remember: safety first.

Secondly, remain calm. Do not scream. Do not clutch other people or pull at your hair. Keep your voice civil and well-modulated. It is amazing how quickly any panic you feel can communicate itself to a crowd, who in turn may go berserk.

Above all, don't try to cover him up with napkins and the like. This will give your date a cluttered appearance and he

might resent you for it.

Don't attempt anything fancy like swinging him grandly over your shoulder and marching out in some macabre pageantry, especially if this is your first date. The key is to act as casual as you possibly can. Before removing your date, however, consider for a moment why, exactly, he has chosen this particular moment to die. I'm not sure how to put this delicately, but he could be feigning.

Sometimes a boy will die on a date just to get attention. He might be using such a stunt to jockey for position or get you to his pleasure compound. If you suspect your date might be using such a ploy, snap your handbag shut and say good-bye.

Or, he could be testing you. Boys are known for their mystifying lists and irrational evaluation procedures. If he



SR art by Brian Kubarycz

dies right after asking you if you play the piano, be suspicious. He could be secretly evaluating you.

Moreover, think about what a dead date has denied you. A date, like good theatre, should have an artful denouement. And if your date denies you this, he might symbolically be conveying to you a philosophy of Nihilism or a belief that dating is absurd and meaningless. And by dying in front of you on a date, he is mocking you. YOU had obviously planned on

remaining alive for the duration of the date, thus implicitly expressing a belief in the dating process. So, when he suddenly dies, he mocks you and everything you stand for.

No matter what debaucheries your date may or may not be participating in, persistent dying is not a laughing matter. It is a flaw. Do not tolerate dying, even

if your date does it in a playful way. Do not weaken, even if he puts a love banner in the CougarEat. Boys who die usually come back to life and expect YOU to be there. Where's the dignity in that?

Be dignified, and say no to boys who die.

Having had so many, Karen is our resident authority on dead dates.

Putting Death Tactfully

by Julie Hess

While reading the daily newspaper, have you ever come across, "Rock Hudson, dead at the age of 50"? Is there any better way to inform people of someone's death? Family members never die, they "pass away" or "join the angels." But what do we say when the prisoner dies or that strange guy from sixth grade class? Here are some euphemisms to help you with your explanations.

PASSED GO FOR THE LAST TIME. This is what happens to the guy in your family home evening group who always suggests you play Pictionary every Monday night or the girl who thinks playing Scruples is a fun date.

PERMANENT TAX EXEMPTION. The MBA student who has every minute of his life planned in his initialed briefcase never dies, but is exempt from taxes.

NEGATIVE PATIENT CARE OUTCOME. This fatality occurs in a hospital when it should not. When the celebrity goes into the hospital for some minor surgery on his foot, and then suddenly dies of pneumonia, and the death is blamed on the hospital. This also occurs to the guy who overdosed on drugs and his girlfriend blames it on the nurse.

A GIFT TO SOCIETY. This is how the right wing conservative explains to his children why the convict was given the electric chair. "Damn good thing they didn't wait longer" usually follows.

CURTAINS. For the Broadway actress no one has ever heard of that suddenly dies. At least once a week, Mary Hart from "Entertainment Tonight" will report of a popular actress starring as the understudy for Barbara Streisand dying at the age of 88, and "Who surely will be missed by all."

PUSHING UP DAISIES. A term used when your local Mexican gardener dies after clipping the rose bushes, asking for his check he already received and lusting over the oldest daughter.

CASHED IN HIS CHIPS. Originated in Idaho when Freda Lay, the "Potato Chip Queen", died while officially naming the new Nacho and Sour Cream chip. Needless to say, her chips died too.

DROPPED DEAD. From the group ADCA (Accidentally Dropped the Child Anonymous). For the mother who, for some reason, dropped her child while doing aerobics, playing tennis or reaching for the Perrier.

SKIPPED DESSERT. For Ima Pig, the well-loved whale impersonator. Her talents included shows such as "The Shamoo Tap Dancing Spectacular" and "Orca: Your Friend and Mine."

BOUGHT THE FARM. From the tragic death of the last farmers in California. The family house was mysteriously set on fire and now on their farm stands the largest skate board store in the state.

KICKED THE BUCKET. When Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked a bucket and hit Mrs. O'Leary in the head. She was so angry she doused the animal with kerosene and ignited it. The cow started running throughout the city of Chicago, starting the great Chicago Fire.

CHECKING OUT OF THE HOTEL FOR THE LAST TIME. When the hotel manager of the hotel where the Beastie Boys stay dies. After accommodating the rap band, what is left of the building is usually destroyed.

ICED. Used to describe the deaths of the many students hired to shovel snow. It is rumored that an average of four bodies are found as the snow melts each spring.

CAMPUS LIFE

Where to get Scared: A Review of Haunted Houses

by Elden Nelson

March of Dimes-KRSP Haunted House (★)

Address: 2930 South State, SLC
Admission: \$4.00

You stand in line for about twenty minutes, and you start to feel edgy, because even from the outside, this looks like it's going to be a pretty scary haunted house. Impressively dismal paintings of nasty nocturnal types cover the "castle," and a giant banner warns you of what you are in for: "London After Dark." Jack the Ripper comes to mind.

Now you are inside the building. The first thing you see is a mostly decayed corpse with a facial expression which makes it clear that he did not die in a pleasant way. Your girlfriend grips your hand a little tighter. "This is going to be good," you think.

Half an hour elapses, and now you are exiting this haunted maze. During this time, you have seen a half-dozen strobelights, three or four vampires rise from their caskets, absolutely nothing that has anything to do with London after dark, and more than anything else, you have seen lots and lots of teenage kids "costumed" in jeans, T-shirts, and some pretty good masks. After the first five minutes, your girlfriends grip has loosened, and her screams turn into giggles, then chuckles, and eventually derisive yawns.

KRSP is a good radio station, March of Dimes is a good institution, and your ticket money will be going to a good cause, but "London After Dark" is not a good haunted house. If you go, do it to help Jerry's Kids, not to get scared.

Institute of Terror (★★★)

Address: 4788 South Street, SLC
Admission: \$4.00 (donate a can of food, and they'll subtract a dollar from the admission charge)

"The Institute of Terror" easily wins the

prize for best theme of the season. Think of a "BYU meets the Spanish Inquisition" scenario and you'll get the picture. Their special effects are terrific, and some of the creatures give the impression that they would just as soon bash your head with that stick as wave it at you.

Unfortunately, most of the fright poten-



SR art by Kara Wald

tial for this haunted house is never realized because this "Institute" is horribly understaffed. You can walk through several sets that are obviously supposed to be manned without seeing a thing. It's like going to a play and never having the actors show up. "The Institute of Terror" could be great, but instead is merely good.

The Haunted Woods (★★★★)

Address: 6351 South 9th East, SLC
Admission: \$4.50

Two items of advice: Wear warm, casual clothing, and don't bring the kids. Why? This actually takes place in the woods, and can be pretty chilly. Don't bring the kids, because they won't be able to handle it very

well. There is gore, lots of it. The monsters don't break character, and they say things that monsters would be prone to say—not just "AARRGGHH!" And this is the best part: it is scary. I seriously felt the need to tell my machismo to take a flying leap and run—more than once. This is nicely offset by the sense of humor displayed by the cast. There isn't one consistent theme, but rather several small themes. Some of them are very familiar (remember Jason?), and some are brand new. If you

are in Salt Lake, find a babysitter for the kids, and go to "The Haunted Woods." It's worth the exorbitant charge, I swear it.

Haunted House at the Old Mill (★)

Address: 6900 South Big Cottonwood Canyon, SLC

Admission: \$4.00

I'm sorry, but I just do not have anything

nice to say about this haunted house. It's premise, a mad scientist's laboratory, is tired, the props are unprofessional and often unrecognizable, and the ghosts, goblins, and miscellaneous grodies are never anything more than slightly annoying. The entire maze is made up of people jumping from around corners and yelling "AARRGGHH!" When you finally exit, your heart rate is the same, you do not remember any particularly exciting monster or event, you are wet and dirty (you must crawl through a dirty, wet tunnel, for no apparent reason, during this course), and you resent that the entire thing took less than fifteen minutes. At least your money is going to a good cause, but all of the haunted houses are working towards a good cause. Go to the Haunted Woods instead.

Utah State Hospital (★★★★)

Admission: \$3.00

It's closest, it's cheapest, and it's the best. This has been an outstanding haunted house for years, and is as strong as ever this Halloween season. No tongue-in-cheekiness for these folk, they are dead intent on scaring the hell out of you. And they will do it. Without going into too much detail, keep in mind that you don't want to take anybody to this place who just can't stand the aftermath of a chainsaw massacre...or a current chainsaw massacre. They will grab you. They will snarl at you. They will hand their intestines to you on a platter. The only complaint I could make about this haunted house is that it doesn't last long enough, but that's simply because I couldn't get enough. The line is long, so bring something to do for the hour or so wait you'll have to go through. In any case, scrape up three bucks, and be certain to attend this one.

(All are open on weeknights from 7:00 to 10:00 pm., and Friday and Saturday nights from 7:00 to 11:00 pm.)



Tommy's Burger

The Other Side of Food

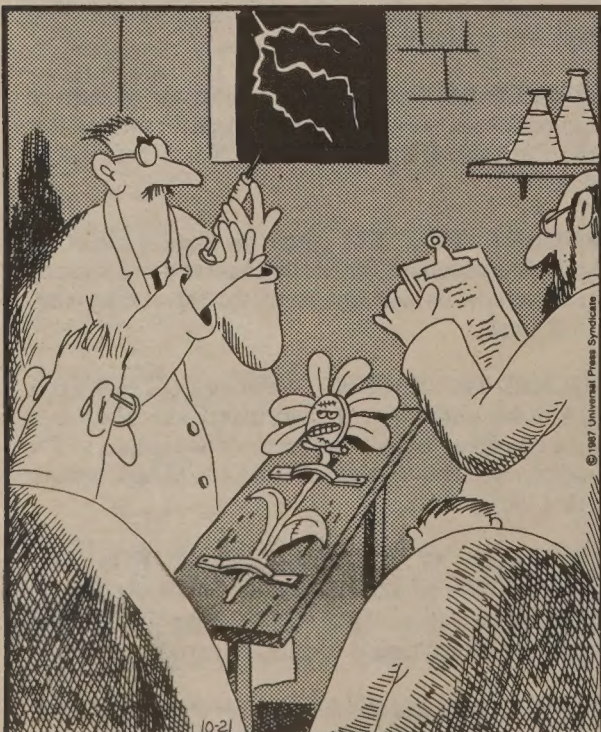
100 North
400 West

Tommy's Chillburger with the works

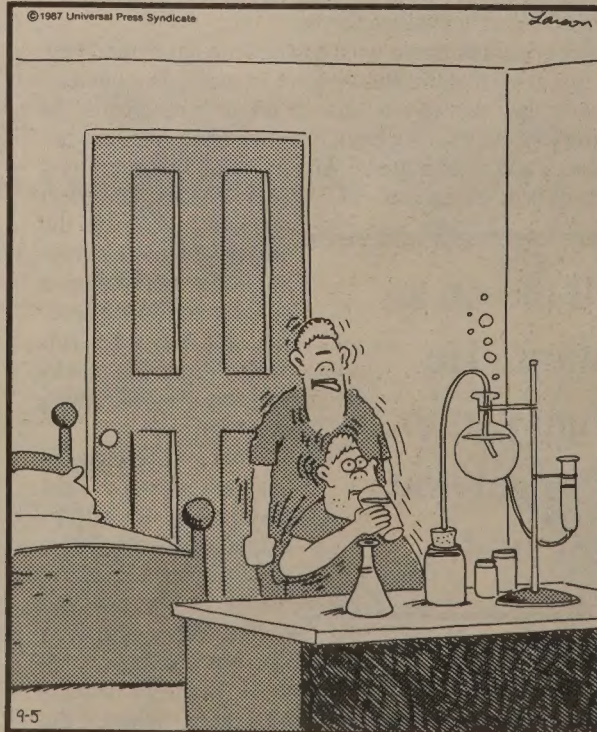
PLUS a big order of fries PLUS a Large 20 oz. drink:

\$2.25 tax included

presents . . .

THE FAR SIDE

Feb. 22, 1946: Botanists create the first artificial flower.



As a child, little Henry Jekyll would often change himself into a big, red-haired delinquent that parents in the neighborhood simply dubbed "that Hyde kid."



All day long, a tough gang of astrophysicists would monopolize the telescope and intimidate the other researchers.

Eavesdroppings

In trying to surreptitiously cull conversations from around campus, life-threatening situation can often arise.

Once, while leaning too far over to hear a conversation, I fell back from the third floor railing over-looking the dining area of the CougarEat and became tangled in the country flag of Israel.

Another near fatality occurred when I was writing down the vital stats on someone's conversation when I discovered the speaker staring and holding a gun on me. He was wearing camouflage clothes and a ski mask. Luckily, it turned out that the whole disguise was only a hoax and he and his friend were only playing a prank on someone else.

Don't think that eavesdropping is just a passive activity. It is a refined art form handed down from father to son and often involves more than just great hearing; it often involves a brush with death. Here's what the Eavesdropper heard this week:

7th floor SWKT, Tuesday, October 20, 11:17 AM

Fat Chick: "I don't give talks in public, I don't pray in front of anyone—yeah, my family, but that's pushin' it."

Lounge of an Apartment Complex South of Campus, Tuesday, October 20, 8:07 PM

Blonde: "So I said to him, 'I know you have good intentions, but when you play the game of love, that doesn't count.'"

By the "Tree of Wisdom," Friday, October 16, 11:37 AM

Clubette 1: "Yeah, like my favorite guy's club is Sam Hall."

Clubette 2: "Reeally? Mine too."

Clubette 1: "Ya know. Like it totally pisses me off. They always just do things with PDG."

Clubette 2: "Yeah, I'd totally give anything to go to their Hell's Angels Party."

Clubette 1: "Well, ya goin' to the 'toga' tonight?"

Clubette 2: "Yeah, but I don't have any sheets—I use a comforter—I guess I'll have to go by D.I. . . ."

Clubette 1: "It's like I don't have sheets either. I just ripped some off from D.T."

Clubette 2: "Reeally?! I'll have to go there."

7th Floor SWKT, Tuesday, October 20, 3:42 PM

Loud Girl: "When I was back East last I was in a ward with Harvard students and a bunch of nannies; the nannies were stupid and all the Harvard types would intellectualize in Sunday School. They all drank, but they weren't radicals."

Louder Guy: "Yeah, Utah is different, that's for sure. I work security at the hospital and you'd be surprised at some things I see."



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Lori Manning



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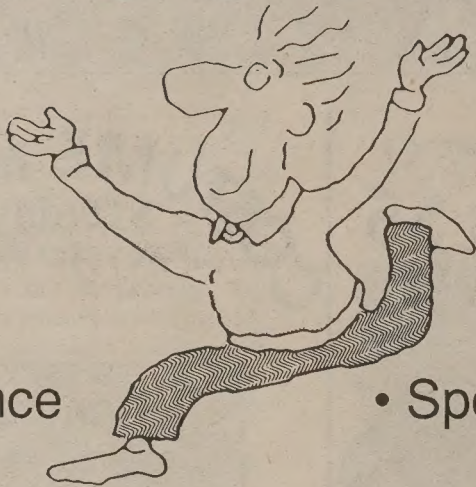
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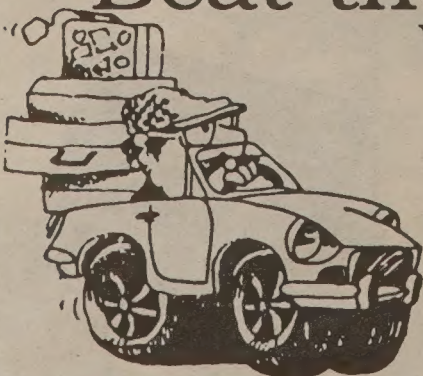
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Survey

What About the Funeral???

Death is a subject we often don't think about until it's too late. We at the Student Review decided to ask some thought provoking questions to make you stop and think about death. Here are the best answers to our questions:

Q#1: Who would you want to discover your corpse?

1. A relative or close friend
2. Samantha Fox
3. Ex-boyfriend/Ex-girlfriend
4. Someone I wanted to pull a joke on but never had the chance
5. Anyone but Anatomy 261 students
6. My religion teacher
7. A small frightened child
8. BYU men's volleyball team
9. My mistress

Q#2: Open or closed casket?

1. Open, with a sneeze guard
2. Depends on how I look—I'm vain
3. It really doesn't matter to me, I won't be there

Q#3: Flat or upright tombstone?

- 62% upright
- 23% flat
- 13% don't care
- 1% 10 ft. obelisk promoting the

virtues of lacrosse.

1% My bike as a tomstone.

Q#4: Any special type of food you would like the Relief Society to provide?

1. Lox, bagels and guacamole dip
2. Cold duck, and Martinelli's served in crystal goblets
3. Meatloaf
4. Slabs of roast beef
5. McDonald's caterers, Relief Society is so passe'
6. Cheez puffs and Rice Krispie treats
7. Pizza—with anchovies

Q#5: Where would you like to be buried?

1. Arlington Cemetery
2. Mt. Timpanogos
3. In my backyard
4. Underground
5. Anywhere but Provo

Q#6: What would you be reincarnated as?

1. A cat
2. A Brama Bull
3. A Jim Palmer look-alike
4. A Russian
5. Any woman in the 22nd century so there wouldn't be any sexism
6. Matisse
7. A Shiite Muslim terrorist

Thank you all who participated.



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3. From overeating
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5. On a date
6. With a big smile
7. On national TV
8. Laughing
9. While writing/reading a "Dear John" letter
10. Wearing clean underwear
11. On your mission
12. In Religion class while discussing the translation of Alma
13. While sleeping in the library
14. With your eyes wide open
15. Dancing
16. On Wheel of Fortune (In Vanna's arms)
17. During a full moon
18. In the dressing room at a department store
19. On a ride at Disneyland
20. When the Durfey's guy knocks on your door

Bottom 10

In the testing center, on the toilet (in the john), by firing squad, from a sun lamp, before graduation, falling down the RB stairs, on a nude beach, anywhere in Utah on Sunday, in a third world country, before the pizza arrives, while on vacation.

SR Advisemnt Center Killing food snitching roomies.

Dear SR Advisement Center,

It is my intention to "do in" my roommate since I have warned him repeatedly about eating my food, yet he continues to pork out on my supplies. My question is, what is the best way to kill him?

Signed, Homicidal Hank

Dear Hank,

This is a quandary, especially with so many fine methods of inflicting death out on the market today. Some of the better ones can often run into quite a bit of money, such as large caliber guns and sophisticated explosives. There are, however, several other "home remedies" which you may want to check into.

Virtually every apartment is equipped with a plethora of sharp kitchen implements. These are ideal for accidental stabbings or to use as a guise for practicing your pre-med surgical skills.

The obvious solution is to poison your own food. Buy something tempting and then add cyanide, which is readily available in 312 ESC. While this is usually very effective, it may be best to have your own dinner first.

Another good option may be the old can-you-help-me-look-at-my-car's-undercarriage ploy. This involves no more than a car, a jack, and a gullible roommate. You jack up your car, ask your roommate for his opinion on your car's condition, and as soon as he's under the car, accidentally kick the jack out; thus causing the car to fall on him. This method usually works best if you have a low-slung car. Also notice the key word in these operations: accidental.

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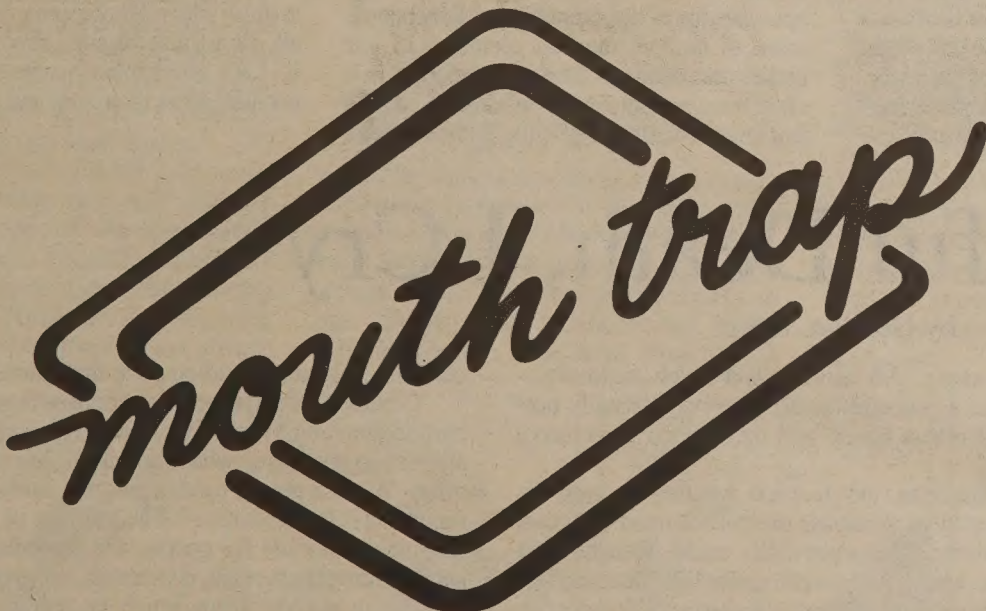
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EDITORIAL PAGE

Cremation: A Mormon's Perspective

by Eric Wilson

Folklorists and anthropologists have long claimed that the need to perform rituals is universal among human beings. Perhaps paramount among these is the transition ritual. In our culture, the transition ritual manifests itself in many shapes and forms. Birthday parties, graduations, wedding receptions, and funerals are all examples of rituals which function to help us deal with the transition from an old life to a new one.

Though we do not always realize it, many of these secular rituals have religious underpinnings because our religious beliefs, naturally, are reflected in everything we do. We take traditional rituals of the Western tradition and mold them to reflect our peculiar beliefs. One of the results of this is that we have two doctrines in the church: a scriptural, official doctrine and a cultural, unofficial doctrine. Unfortunately, we often confuse the two. We not only expect converts to accept the official doctrine, but we also tend to force the cultural doctrine upon them.

As long as our missionaries stay within the Western world, there are no serious problems with what is sometimes called the cultural conversion. Western culture is, in general, the product of the Judeo-Christian tradition, and its religious rituals are basically variations on similar themes. But when we venture outside of the West, we encounter a religious culture drastically different from our own. As a church expanding into strange countries we must respect the traditions and rituals of the people we encounter.

Of all transition rituals, funerals are probably most important. Death, of course, is the ultimate transition. Few things will upset a society more than someone trying to alter the manner in which it treats its dead. Unfortunately,

our confusion over official and cultural doctrine often causes unnecessary problems. Mormons have a very structured funeral ritual that consists of public viewing, clothing the body in temple clothes, family prayer, a religious memorial service, and a dedicatory prayer at the grave. To Mormons and Westerners, these various aspects of the funeral ritual all have importance. The very

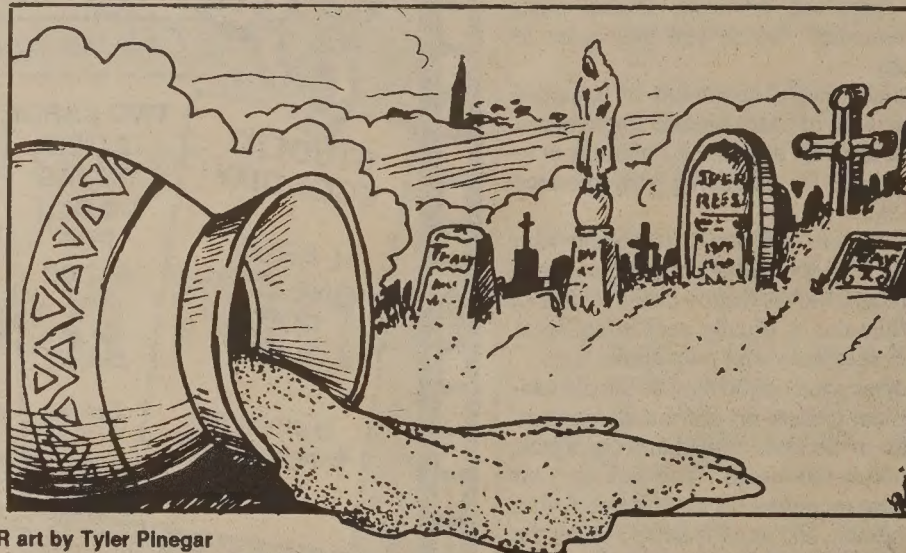
culture, not because it has doctrinal significance.

In many Eastern cultures the dead are cremated. It is viewed as a clean, efficient and respectful way of disposing of the body. In some crowded regions, it is the only practical one. The official LDS position on cremation is, as is the case with most matters, no position. The church recognizes that it is far

I believe it is doctrinally sound, that the resurrection can best be described as a recreation. In His infinite power, the Lord will take the elements of the earth and re-create from them our bodies as they existed in mortality. I think we could expand Genesis 3:19 to say, "for dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return, [and from that same dust you shall rise in the last days, glorified and perfected in the likeness of the Only Begotten]."

Of course, anyone who recognizes my right to rewrite scripture does not understand church doctrine. But the ideas expressed by this scriptural revision are accurate. When we die, our bodies will turn, once again, into the elements of the earth, which, in turn, will provide nutrients to vegetation, which will be eaten by animals, which will be eaten by other human beings. And of course many of these same elements will be discarded by the body and recycled. We will inherit the same bodies in the resurrection as we now possess, but the actual molecules with which our body is formed are different from day to day.

Once this is clear, any attempt to decry cremation and other burial forms is to deny the resurrection. I, myself, would not mind being cremated. But to respect the feelings of family and friends, I will acquiesce to a traditional Mormon burial and funeral. Some things, however, I will not allow, such as an expensive casket and public viewing. All I want is to be buried in a simple pine box and to have someone say a few words of comfort to those who might mourn my passing. After all, it's my funeral, and I have the right to plan it. Let's allow other people with even more peculiar ideas than mine the same privilege.



SR art by Tyler Plnegar

idea of burial has strong biblical traditions and symbolizes the death and resurrection of Christ. But in spite of its religious symbolism, the Mormon funeral ritual falls heavily into the category of cultural, not official, doctrine.

Those who think that the manner of disposing of human remains after death has any impact on the salvation of the individual do not understand the doctrine of the resurrection. We bury our dead in a prescribed manner because it has significance in our

more important to convert people to the saving doctrines of Jesus Christ than it is to convert them to the rituals we have developed. Asking people to defy the religion of their fathers is enough to expect of converts.

Perhaps if we really understood the resurrection we wouldn't have so many hang-ups with things like cremation. Many people seem to believe that the elements in our bodies are unique to the individual. But it is clear from scripture that we were all created from the very same elements. I envision, and

For Restful Death, I Cry

by Gordon Myers

With spectacular advances in science and technology, medicine is becoming ever more capable of promoting and prolonging life. This progress makes man increasingly responsible to deal with life, for he is increasingly capable of controlling it. He is able to make decisions which were once left only to God's will and mercy, performing Christlike miracles by surgically repairing birth defects, chemically treating insanity, and mechanically postponing death. Because of these powers, man must be willing to make Godlike decisions, especially with regard to death.

The question of euthanasia will be raised in nearly everyone's life, as medicine is bound to postpone the imminent death of a loved one in the course of time. Injuries and diseases which once took even the fittest are being held at bay by amazing devices. For example, by means of an aspirator, oxygen can be pumped to the heart which then carries on its life-giving purposes. The body continues to function; death is staved. Such are the miracles of medicine.

Putting an individual on a life-support system is in itself a decision of Godlike magnitude. In a sense, man is bestowing breath, a gift that only God could give in the past. Of course, this ability is beneficial, allowing doctors to operate and patients to recuperate. Sometimes, however, the patient's condition does not improve. The brain exhibits no significant activity, yet it still functions marginally. The individual is comatose, incapable of communicating, expressionless, eyes fixed on the ceiling. He remains in this state for an indefinite amount of time while the

aspirator chugs along. All stand by and watch anxiously—some praying for a peaceful death, others emotionally perplexed, and still others bound and determined to preserve God-given life.

In such a situation, the decision whether to keep the aspirator plugged in or to release the patient must be faced. This is a grave decision, one not easily made. Caught up in emotions of love, loyalty and reverence for life, the onlookers may feel it morally wrong to deprive someone of life, considering such abandonment an offense to God. Unable to reconcile the thought of terminating life, they keep the machine pumping. For them, death is too divine a decision to be made by mortal man. Awaiting God's will to be made

manifest, they may be doing all in their power to thwart it.

Certainly, life is sacred and should be revered. Death, the introduction into a better life, is sacred as well and should be allowed to take place when mortal life has nothing more to offer. When a person cannot progress further in life, death necessarily should follow. The purpose of medicine is to provide quality life for people, life that allows individuals such freedoms as thought, interaction, and progression. Brain dead or in a coma from which he will never awake, an individual is incapable of experiencing life; consequently, a beating heart serves no purpose. For such a person, to linger

please see **Death** on page 10

Doonesbury



BY GARRY TRUDEAU



The Cult of Death

by Russell Fox



SR art by Tyler Pinegar

dozen times as many people and receives an average of about two paragraphs of coverage nationally.

AIDS is another example of this.

I see too much "cult" interest in death amongst the media.

Recently *Newsweek* dedicated their cover story to listing about 400 victims of the disease. WHY?? What purpose does this serve except to give *Newsweek* an opportunity to say "Heavens, just LOOK at this HORRIBLE disease. Look at all these DEAD

people. Doesn't this JUST make you feel BAD? Come back next week when we'll ask all of these dead people's children and friends how they FEEL."

Now, of course, death, destruction and tragedy are events, and as such, are news that can affect our communities and lives. They should be reported. But I see too much of "cult" interest amongst the media in the death and "dirty laundry" of our lives. Come, come, you remember the song? It's very accurate you know: "Go to ask the doctors / is the head dead yet? / you know the boys in the newsroom / got a running bet / get the widow on the set / we need dirty laundry." Well fine, maybe you do, but I want news, not grieving widows. Can't you people learn the difference?

P.O. Box 7092

In Defense of Social Clubs

Dear Editor:

Mr. Eric Wilson's October 7, article came to my attention when I saw the headline "Childishness Governs BYU's Social Clubs." What was interesting to me about his was that most non-clubbies seem to say they don't care or don't have an opinion about BYU's clubs. You, Mr. Wilson, have an opinion that just won't stop.

Clubs have been on BYU's campus since 1915. And from spaghetti wrestling to "would-be prostitutes," they have taken the heat—from everyone. From my experience in defending what I feel is a worthwhile thing, I have seen gossip, misquoted students, rumors and scandals among other falsities, circulate among students about those "awful social units." Clubs are always being misunderstood by students who have no idea what clubs are about.

Further, I'd like to mention clothing. The concept that clubbies are in their particular sorority or fraternity solely for their Greek letters, pleated pants and blue blazers is a farce. Elitist dress is not an interest in club members. Rather, fraternity pledges dress in coat and tie for the purpose of looking nice to members of their prospective club and to students in general. The same is true for sorority pledges—skirts and dresses are worn to represent their clubs in a respectable way.

As far as clubs doing evil to society this is a joke. Social clubs are mainly what their title says they are: institutions for people who want to meet and socialize with others. People who take fraternity and sorority business too seriously have to realize that the purpose of these institutions is for fun. However, club members do establish some of their best friends and fondest memories while participating in club activities.

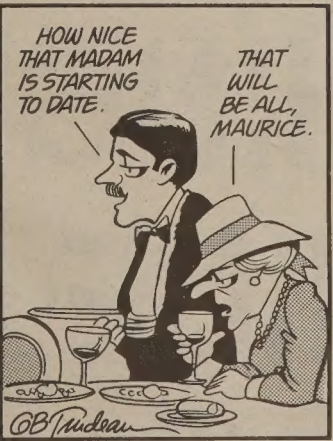
Clubs are good. They have never done anything to non-clubbies to promote this bitter attitude that you, Mr. Wilson, seem to harbor. And the activities that clubs participate in are worthwhile: firesides, community services and parties. All of these help alleviate the stress that comes when students leave home. Clubs help students adjust to college life, especially when they are stuck in the dorms on Saturday nights and the only people to socialize with are downstairs making out on the couches. Clubs provide an outlet to go with good friends to a party or dance.

As far as spirituality goes, it was John Stohlton who spoke at a club fireside three years ago and said if it wasn't for Tau Sig, he would have never joined the church.

I hope you can look more positively at these high-quality people in clubs. They are willing to talk about their activities, and the only way to get to know the truth about clubs is to talk to people in them. There is nothing wrong with friends who want to go out and have fun, wholesome fun. It's all a matter of friendship that will last long after college.

By the way, Mr. Wilson, it was my mother who suggested I pledge a club, to become involved at BYU during my years here. She benefited from her club by learning responsibility, leadership and organization, and I have learned the same.

Lorie Funk



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Death Penalty and Euthanasia: Any Difference?

by Sharon Watkins

Can killing be considered humane in one situation and barbaric in another? Many regard the death penalty as vengeful and irrational, yet some people ardently support euthanasia because they believe it is an ethical way to ease suffering. At first glance, these principles seem diametrically opposed, but a similarity exists between the two which must be reconciled: both acts involve a human being's decision to take the life of another.

A popular argument against the death penalty is that it punishes the murderer with murder.

Thus, government commits just as great a crime, with one difference—it's legal. On the other hand, proponents of capital punishment agree with Doctrine & Covenants 134:8, which states, "We believe that the commission of crime should be punished according to the nature of the offense; that murder... should be punished according to [its] criminality." The

scripture then acknowledges the government's authority to implement the punishment.

Opponents of euthanasia object to unplugging the life-support machine even if it is in the name of mercy. After all, what human being has the right to determine when another should die? However, others feel the innate responsibility to spare a loved one from pain

and preserve his dignity. If it means a decision to remove a brain-dead body from a meaningless, costly contraption, then it should be done for the benefit

The death penalty and euthanasia are related issues, as taking life is the core of each—whether we call it murder or mercy.

of all involved.

Obviously, moral differences exist between the death penalty and euthanasia, but we must jointly consider them. This will avoid potential incongruity in supporting one but not the other. The two issues are undeniably related, as taking human life is the core of each—whether we call it murder or mercy.

Death from page 8

in this existence is to delay progress, an injustice most painful and inconvenient.

Were such individuals capable of communicating, they might well express a desire to move on, stating, as did Sophocles, "Death is not the worst; rather in vain to wish for death and not compass it." Many healthy individuals feel that were they in an irreversible coma, they would find death most agreeable. In accordance with the Golden Rule, should we not do for others what we would have them do for us?

The main reason for an individual choosing death in such a situation is love for those who surround him. The family of such a patient suffers traumatically, waiting endlessly for the unlikely blessing of death. A cloud of doom envelopes their lives, for they are immersed in a desperate cause. Their health is weakened by stress; their financial security is destroyed by astronomical medical bills. They do not feel free to carry on in life while their loved one is incapable of proceeding as well. For them, life is sustained agony; timely death is a

liberating force. Tennyson wisely said, "Sweet is death who puts an end to pain."

Of course, death should be postponed as long as the individual is capable of enjoying life in some degree. Euthanasia need not be analogous to shooting a horse with a broken leg, for most afflictions, though crippling in some degree, do not prevent fulfillment of life's purposes. Parameters must be identified and set as to when the body is no longer purposeful. At such a time, death can be brought about passively, naturally. The patient, slipping into what appears to be a permanent coma, is released from the apparatus and from the body, both having served their purpose of providing magnificent opportunities.

Society must cooperate mercifully and justly with death, rather than cower before it. We must be willing to act as God does, for He is generously sharing his powers. In response to the silent pleas of the dying, "Go on with out me," we would do well to answer, "No, you go on without us; we shall join you shortly."

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ARTS & LEISURE

An Approach to Life Through Death

by Elaine Aamodt and Karen Voss

Death is something few consider. What follows is an interview with Don Orme, a funeral director of Berg Mortuary (185 East Center Street), who offered us some insights on his profession.

SR: What exactly happens when someone is embalmed?

DO: It's the change of embalming fluid for the blood. An incision is made 1.5 inches long, usually on the right side right above the collar bone. You have a muscle that comes down from the base of the ear to where your sternum and clavicle come together. There's an artery right underneath, so if you make an incision there you can lift the vein out first, put a ligature around it, and lift the artery out. Then you insert a drain tube into the vein and the embalming tube goes into the artery. The embalming machine is motorized. It has a tank, and you adjust the pressure so that you don't get swelling or go too fast. It's basically this exchange process.

Now, embalming really came about during the turn of the century. And the real purpose of embalming is a health factor. If you look back in history, you find that before embalming, you had a lot of diphtheria, typhoid, tuberculosis, influenza, and epidemics of that nature. A lot of times it would be because of drainage that goes through cemeteries — if you get a wet winter — wells and so on — it would spread those types of diseases. The embalming process kills bacteria. And that's when they got typhoid, diphtheria, all those things under control.

It also sets features. That's a secondary reason. It does make the body safe to be around. Of course, now days, we're extremely cautious because of the AIDS epidemic.

SR: How much does the average funeral cost?

DO: Well, of course that varies from mortuary to mortuary. Probably Utah is a little low nation-wide. I think you'd find an average full funeral charge between \$1100 and \$1300 — I know of a few that are as high as \$1400. Caskets range from \$200 upwards. You get into bronze and copper, you get up to \$5400-\$6000.

SR: So the casket is always a separate cost?

DO: Yes.

SR: What would one of the \$200 coffins be like?

DO: It would be a softwood casket. Very basic. About \$400 is where you start to get a casket that looks nice. Most people probably purchase a casket in the \$1000 range.

SR: What's the oddest casket you've ever had somebody request?

DO: Most of the odd stuff you can't fulfill. One time a man wanted a casket shaped like a little basket for his wife. We couldn't get a vault to handle something like that.



SR art by Julie Stonebraker

We had a lady who wanted an orange casket. Orange turned out to be a difficult color to come up with. We came up with Mandarin Bronze — goldish orange — but that was as close as we could get.

SR: Do people often want to be buried with things?

DO: Oh yes. We've had people bring in cow-

boy boots, lariats, a fishing pole.

We had one lady bring in a dozen golf balls. Her husband had always heard that there were golf courses in hell, but no golf balls. I don't know why she thought he was going to hell.

SR: I imagine you have to be very accommodating?

DO: People have different customs, you know. We really try to accommodate all of them. There was a Japanese guy who was transferred from San Francisco out here to Salt Lake and arranged some funerals out here. When his father died one of our men went out to San Francisco for the funeral. The Japanese custom is to bring food into a funeral. One of the guys who works out here said, "Who's going to eat all of that Food?" And someone heard him and turned around and said, "The same person that's going to smell all your flowers in Salt Lake!" So, I guess we all have our customs. That's one thing you learn.

SR: Are there any variations that you facilitate, for example, if someone wanted to be cremated? Do you accommodate that?

DO: Yes, but we don't cremate here. In Provo there isn't a crematory. You have to go to Salt Lake for it.

SR: Are there any misconceptions or illusions that you would like to clear up?

DO: People have weird ideas about what embalming is. I think funeral directors are kind of to blame for that. They sort of drew a black cloak around the whole thing in years gone by. Now we like to take school classes through here, scout troops, young women's organizations. We like them to know what goes on. It gives everyone a better feeling. People think it's expensive to die. It is. But it's expensive to live. With inflation, and the statistics that are put out on that, the only thing less inflationary than funeral services is shoe-making. So we feel good about that.

SR: What do you consider tragedy? What has been really tragic?

DO: Any time you get airplane crashes, or when it affects a lot of people. Several years ago we had 12 boy scouts killed on a trip, and that affected about everybody. Those things are really difficult for a community to deal with.

SR: What has this taught you about life?

DO: I probably have a little different view

please see **Mortician**
on page 14

Dawn and Matt Get the Willies

by Dawn Sollenbarger and Matt Yarro

Last Thursday I left my editor's office with my new assignment: to compare the various cemeteries in the Metropolitan Provo Area for the special "Death and Dying" issue of the Student Review. Although I am not of a superstitious nature, I didn't feel like going by myself. I decided to ask my trusted colleague, Matt Yarro, to accompany me.

Matt, after much cajoling, agreed to go, and we set off on our tour about 6:30 Friday Evening. Matt, showing his full confidence in my creative abilities asked doubtfully, "What kind of story do you think you'll get from a bunch of cemeteries?" That, I could not answer. I knew the inspiration would come as soon as I saw the hallowed burial grounds.

Our first stop was Pleasant Grove. As we drove down Main Street toward the cemetery, the weather worsened. Ominous clouds rolled around in the deepening dusk. An eerie wind whistled in and out of our open windows. "Strange," I thought, "Very strange." Not being of a suspicious nature, I attributed the odd weather to that freak Utah jet stream. Matt parked the car beside the lawn and there was a moment of silence as we contemplated the cemetery, trying to discern the echoes of times and people past. Matt waited for me to make the first move out of the car. I tried to shake my sense of foreboding, as I really am not of a suspicious nature.

As I stepped outside, the autumn chill slithered through my thin jacket. I remembered another time...suddenly, a hiss startled me out of my reverie. I knew without a doubt that it was a black cat. What else could it be? How fitting. I could see the headlines now: "Two BYU Students Brutally Slain in Supernatural Slaughter." At last, my name would be published in some venerable journal such as *The Star*, or *National Enquirer*. I turned around with anticipation, dreading

what I expected to see. There was nothing there.

We crossed the lawn, weaving in and out of the various markers, trying to pick out distinguishing features that would help us to characterize this particular cemetery. We decided to split up, hoping to cover more ground. After a while, I grew discouraged. The various names and dates swam through my head. The veritable rainbow of colors available for the stones was mind-boggling. I decided to find Matt and head home to fictionalize about this unremarkable site.



SR art by Brian Kubarycz

the old man gone, Matt in his place. The confusion left me momentarily speechless. Matt's sympathetic nature soon helped to chase away all my worries. "See a ghost?" He smiled sarcastically.

please see **Willies** on page 14

Poetry in Passing

Art Kills

With frames and paintings stuffed inside
his car
he parked and leapt from an ocean cliff.
No cry,
no body bent. No Icarus waxed far
from graceful flight. His death filled up the
sky.

Her brush was a bridge between the sun
and him;
her mind a solid gap of colored light.
Her art was much too cute; it tortured him
to see his house designed in mauve and
light

magenta. Statues, jars, and bowls were
crammed
to every inch of space. The toilet flushed
a swirl of rainbow inks, and the Christmas
ham
was carved to look like Vanna White with
blush.

He thought of killing her before she learned
to paint. His waiting made his death well-
earned.

David Veloz

Death Remembered

I saw you again last night
your brilliant smile
—clean and wide—
It felt good to see it
I had been so sure
that you were gone
that you had died
I had been so sure
but I spoke to you
and you smiled at me
a brilliant smile
—clean and wide—
I felt good
but as we spoke
your smile faltered
ice glazed your eyes
and I knew
I was not wanted
then I remembered
it was not you who died
but I

Paris Anderson

Death Smiles

Death is Sunday
and a brisk bright morning...
is idling through a wood of aspen
painted by Autumn
to a sluggish river
where two girls have just set off in a canoe.
They wear long print dresses and big hats.
Death smiles and waves to the girls,
and they wave back.

Michael Huff

Mind Games.

The ring isn't there to stay.
It swings around her finger like
a hoola-hoop. A lot like her emotions,
churning inside her.

A marble game on the hot
asphalt. "For keepsies," they say.
Cat eyes stare up.
A girl's eyes tear.

The black swing lunges back
and forth when he jumps off—
abandoning craft in mid-flight.
Would he? Stop.
Would she ever? Stop.
Playing games.

Christie Buttar

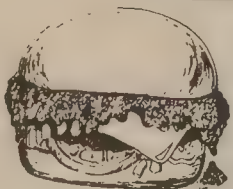
methuselah

an old man stands on his broken down dock
before it falls into a lake.
behind him a yellow stucco home
sits like a broken rock, it reflects his
doberman crawling out to him.

waves in white caps approach him in a
brownish light that
draws last on fish bones on the shore.
the dock leans and moves
on its pilings, it will die before the man
does.

the doberman barks and he gives him a rib.
the dog, the dock and all the rest the man
has named
and brought to this point of decay
and change, they will stand by him as long
as they can.

Gary Burgess



Tommy's Burger

The Other Side of Food

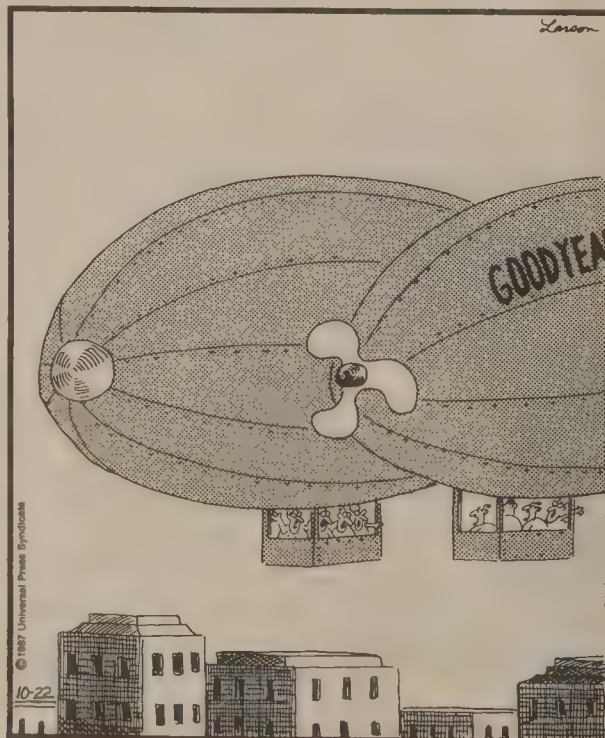
100 North
400 West

Tommy's Chillburger with the works

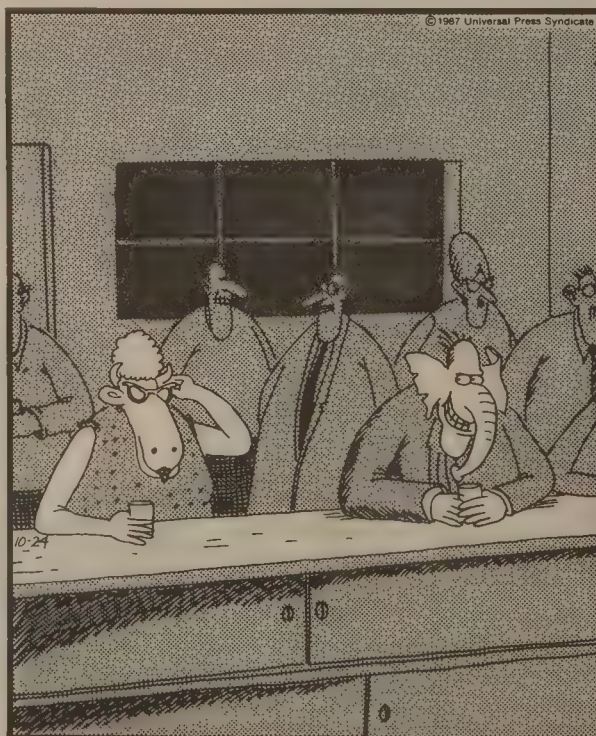
PLUS a big order of fries PLUS a Large 20 oz. drink:

\$2.25 tax included

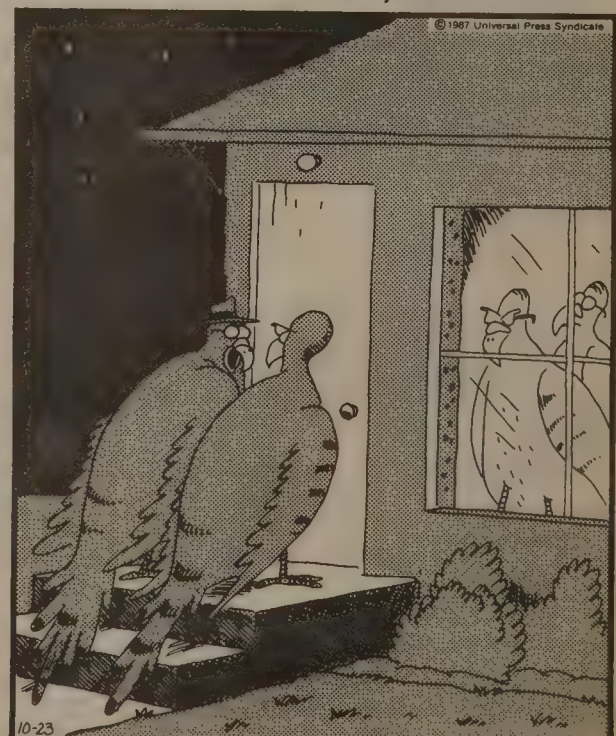
THE FAR SIDE



Blimp near-misses



The elephant man meets the buffalo gal.



"Well, here we go, another exciting evening at the Murdocks, all of us sitting around going, 'Hello, my name is so-and-so. ... What's your name? ... I wanna cracker? Hello, my name is so-and-so."

By GARY LARSON

Certain Perspectives on Death: A Personal Essay

by Andy Bay

I was eight years old when I first considered death. I was listening to my neighbor Greg Lukens talk while he loaded and shot pretzels from his Daisy air rifle at the backyard fence and at his dog Shasta. He told me he wasn't sure about Adam and Eve because new evidence proved we're from apes. Then he abruptly changed the subject and told me that he never wanted to be old and incontinent; instead, he planned on driving a Porsche Turbo-Carrera off a cliff into the sea doing a hundred eighty-five. I asked him why and he said there would be no real pain. After that day, whenever I heard people discuss the misery of age, I always told them what Greg had said, as if I had thought of it myself, with all the conviction I could muster. It bothered me that no one ever believed me. I didn't recognize that death had no meaning for me, never having known anyone who had died. The whole issue seemed pretty irrelevant to me anyway, for all I'd ever heard was a lot of talk and stories.

About a year later my family drove down to Redwood City to visit the friends we had left there when we moved to Walnut Creek. I joined forces once again with Scotty Bitton, the hellion who was at once my greatest friend and worst enemy. Our mutual desire to disobey and a prevailing spirit of adventure formed the bond in our love/hate relationship. Fortunately, we were on good terms as we slipped away from house and parents and made our way to Sand Hill, a 75-foot sandstone precipice in an obscure forest park two miles away.

Free climbing, I found myself 25 feet from the top, unable to move in any direction. My left handhold and right foothold both crumbled away and I grabbed desperately with my left hand for a small bush, trying to regain my balance. Clinging it tightly, I began whimpering with fear as I looked down at the sharp rocks in the creek just below. Employing the word Scotty had taught me earlier on, I screamed, "Shit Scotty, help!" and told him to climb the hill from the other side and toss me the clothesline we'd brought along.

After reaching the summit I began shaking. The thought came to mind that I could have died; d-e-a-d. But I refused to entertain the thought for long because I knew I would be in big trouble with my parents. They would be considerably chapped if I died when I was disobeying them, so I never told them what happened.

I considered myself beyond death's clutch until I was eleven. My Korean friend Chiun asked me to go with him after school downtown to see President Ford. I had no bike but I knew Colin was going to be gone until after it was over, so I took his ten-speed even though it was far too big for me. Coasting rapidly and clumsily down the steep side of Ygnacio Valley, my legs unable to reach the pedals and sit on the seat at the same time, I fell off the sidewalk and crashed in the road. A massive eighteen-wheeler bore down on me, moving too fast to stop. With inches to spare I threw myself to one side of the road, dragging the bike with me. The blast of air from the passing truck was like death's own kiss; I said a silent prayer of thanks as I inspected my wounds and admitted to myself that death was a reality. My delusions were disappearing, but I still had much to learn.

My grandpa died after I was ordained a deacon. He was the only person I ever knew who had died; my other grandparents had left long before. I knew by then that death was

real, but until Grandpa died I hadn't any real feelings about death, except probably Mom's telling me that Grandpa and Grandma were with Jesus in heaven. I believed they must be pretty happy but I still couldn't feel anything. Dad never talked about Grandpa's death very much; there were always other things to be talked about that were more pleasant. I remember trying to imagine Mom and Dad ever dying. I figured that, technically, they were going to have to go through with it too; but I never really believed that it would happen to them. I recall thinking that what Mom and Dad always said was true: that there was just too much to do, too many kids to raise before that could ever happen.

Grandpa died after several heart attacks. I saw him a few months before at the Veterans Hospital. I wasn't supposed to go in: I was too young. I sneaked in anyway. I guess they didn't want young people to be exposed to that silencing power. I remember Grandpa's death better from what Dad told us happened at his

deathbed. All of the children were gathered around, listening to Grandpa speak lovingly of their childhoods, and his life as a father, and the favorite jersey cow they had had on the farm. Dad had tears in his eyes as he related the story. I sensed that Grandpa's death was an archetype of the good patriarch who leaves his posterity in a spirit of goodwill, having lived honestly and righteously. I thought to myself, if this is death, then it cannot be such a bad thing. I felt comforted in knowing that death could be so natural, surrounded by so many good feelings.

Feeling somewhat at peace about the whole idea, news came to my ears in hushed, urgent tones that Tom Fellows, on a mission, had died in a car wreck that wasn't his fault. I remember getting the impression that I wasn't really supposed to talk about it. This was a different kind of death that had occurred, a scarier kind. I felt that way because everyone was so shocked. They were all amazed that it had happened to him while

he was on a mission; the prevailing sense I received from that was that it wasn't ever supposed to happen to people who were serving the Lord. I mused on this for a while, frightening myself in thinking that death could jump out from behind any bush, at anytime, and that there was absolutely nothing anyone could do to stop it. I had been aware of this problem for a couple of years, at least subconsciously; for in its reflection I immediately had a flashback to the scene in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* where the old "woman" with the knife brutally stabs a man to death without any warning whatsoever.

After that experience, I wasn't sure what to think about death. The whole idea seemed to have more facets than I'd ever considered. Only one thing was certain, and that was the certainty of death and the uncertainty of how I would die. I was only twelve when I came to this conclusion, but even then it seemed unlikely that death's hazy face would ever become more recognizable.

INSIGHT magazine will be available the week of November 2 for free pick-up at either entrance to the Library, at the Tanner Building or at the Maeser Building.

INSIGHT
a forum for student thought

Andy Warhol's Royal Nightmares

by Kristina Stewart

The visual arts have always acted as a mirror of the perceptions and attitudes of their relative cultures. This is never more evident than when a particular theme develops within an artist's work. Such is the case with the theme of death which consistently appears during one period of Pop Artist Andy Warhol's career.

Warhol has been deemed one of the greatest social commentators of our day. His blunt and gripping imagery dispels many of the myths and manipulations of our society today. It is not an easy task to step out of one's culture and look upon it with an alien perspective, but Warhol has an uncanny ability to do so. On this matter Warhol posed: "During the sixties, I think people forgot what emotions were supposed to be. And I don't think they've ever remembered. I think that once you see emotions from a certain angle you never think of them as real again. That is more or less what happened to me."

Warhol's detached and insightful perspective on society was never more fully realized than during the early sixties when he began the "Death and Disaster" period of his career. During this time, Warhol explored the relationship between the media and death. The artist was obsessed with the notions of stardom, media imagery and the point when some person or thing became a sheer spectacle. He related this to the way that the media and society perceived death.

He showed through his art that royalty and movie personalities are stars, but accident victims are anonymous; only the horrific event itself attains the level of sheer spectacle in our minds. Questions concerning why the media concentrates so heavily on the gruesome and extraordinary deaths that occur in society, or why we as a public are so eager to hear about these tragedies, were some of the issues Warhol's art raised.

Warhol reflects this relationship in many of his works, including *Optical Car Crash* and *Five Deaths Eleven Times in Orange*. In these silkscreens, Warhol repeats and distorts

gruesome car crash images to the point that the viewer becomes numb to what he is actually seeing; thus imitating society's apathetic responses to the constant bombardment of death imagery by our media.

Warhol also explores societal reaction to capital punishment in his piece, *Blue Electric Chair*. There are two panels in this painting — the first with fifteen identical images of an electric chair in blue and black, the second being a solid panel of blue. Through the dual imagery of this piece, Warhol implies the silence and awe that an event such as an execution commands in our minds. This, to Warhol, is sheer spectacle.

The third way that Warhol comments on our reaction to public deaths is embedded in his "Kennedy" series of silkscreens. Warhol stated on the death of President Kennedy, "I had been thrilled to have Kennedy as president, but it didn't bother me that he was dead. What bothered me was the way the television and radio were programming everybody to feel so sad."

In his piece *Sixteen Jackies*, Warhol presents four rows of Jackie photos, each row containing four identical images. The first and last two rows show Jackie Kennedy smiling on the day of assassination. The middle two rows portray the young widow at her husband's funeral. The juxtaposed images of the smiling and the begrieved Jackie are supposed to tear at our emotions in the same way that the media did.

In respect to the theme of death in the visual arts, there may have been no artist more illuminating than Andy Warhol. In the "Death and Disaster" period of his career, he attempted to illustrate and demystify the relationship between the media and the public's reaction to death. This involves the programming of our sentimental responses, the glorification of horrific events, and the eventual numbing effect on the public that comes from a constant bombardment of death related reporting by the media. Warhol's blunt images and commentary on contemporary society have helped us to realize the institutional problems which exist today. Through recognition, we can now begin to address these problems.

Correction:

In last week's issue of Student Review, Kristina Stewart's address following the article "Can You See the Writing on the Wall" was incorrect. The address should have been: 1768 N. 450 W. #106, Provo, Utah, 84604

SCRUMPTIOUS!



EAT CHEAP LATE
after 9:30

Seafood, Steak, Sandwiches, Mexican & Pizza
55 N. University Ave. 377-5044

Willies from page 11

It's nice to have a true friend like that, someone you can count on when the chips are down. Know what I mean? Anyway, the only thing I wanted to do was get out of that place as soon as possible. Even though I am not of a superstitious nature, the coincidence of so many strange events was taking its toll.

As we turned to leave, a voice stopped us. "Can I help you? Are you looking for something?" It was the old gentleman. He seemed almost sincere; he had just the right touch of sincerity in his voice. But that smile was a dead giveaway. I didn't trust him for a minute.

"We are here doing a news story on this cemetery. Do you have any interesting or unusual stories to tell us about it?" Matt queried.

He sized us both up and down. And then he spoke in a guarded voice, as if he feared someone would hear, or he would let slip something he shouldn't, "My name is Willy Junior. I live nearby, real nearby." He giggled. "You want a story. Well, do you see that large headstone over there? Go over there, read it, and you will have your story."

We walked hurriedly to the large, ornately carved marker. The workmanship was exquisite. As I marveled over its sheer beauty, Matt read the inscription aloud. "William Anderson Ropart Jr., born December 3, 1835—Died July 28, 1934." The information told us nothing. The name and dates were totally unfamiliar. Disappointed, we turned to question the ancient man. He was gone. After searching for a while, we decided to call it quits. Feeling as though we had failed in our mission, we walked back to the car, beaten and depressed. A light rain began to mist the surroundings. Matt kept mulling the information over in his mind, mumbling,

"William Anderson. William Ropart. Anderson, William Ropart." He was driving me crazy. As we climbed into the warm refuge of the car, the rain began pelting the windshield relentlessly. The thunder rumbled angrily, almost perfectly synchronized with the flashes which lit up the gloom. Beside me, Matt went on muttering his litany of variations on a name. As we pulled away from the curb, I was deep in thought, wondering what I would write.

Suddenly, we ground to a halt. Matt, his wide eyes wild with fear, peered back through the obscure rain. As I wondered what he left behind in the graveyard, he slowly articulated the words "William Anderson Ropart Jr. . . . William Jr. . . . Willy."

Mortician from page 11

about it than most people. I guess it's funny to note, there was some research done, and next to ministers, funeral directors seem to be about the most faithful to their wives. It's important to do life right. So many people plan to wait to do this or that — travel — until they retire and have big plans, and about that time one of them has a stroke or something. Probably because of that, when I'm away from work it's prime time for me. I do everything I can — travel, do things with my family. We travel now. We do things now. We don't put anything off until retirement.

One thing about a funeral is that people really lose their facade. You see people as they really are. You see a lot of great things about people — that they are appreciative, that they are grateful, that there's something that binds us all.

You learn to enjoy what you've got.

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Limit: One coupon per
customer.
expires 11/7/87



Specialty Shakes & Burgers

STEVENETTS
MALT SHOPPE

THE CALENDAR

Wednesday, October 28

lecture:
Honors Module
Martha Peacock on 17th. Cent. Dutch.
Painting
211 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

theatre:
Hamlet
Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
Wait Until Dark
Pardoe Theatre HFAC, 7:30 p.m.

film:
Blue Mouse
Nosferatu 5:15, 7:15 & 9:15 p.m.
Varsity I
Top Gun 4:30, 7:00, & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema
Lecture on Nosferatu the Vampire 3:15 p.m.
Nosferatu the Vampire (German) 3:45 & 7:30
The Vigil (English) 5:30 & 9:15 p.m.

music:
Vienna Choir Boys
Capitol Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
Backstage Concerts
Modern Rock: Cookie Jars
Backstage Cafe, 10:00 p.m.

Thursday, October 29

lecture:
Honors Module
Michael Call on Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*
241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

theatre:
Outrun the Night
Margetts Arena Theatre, 7:30 p.m.
Grease
The popular musical is being staged at the Egyptian Theatre, Park City, 8:00 p.m.
Hamlet
Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
Wait Until Dark
Pardoe Theatre HFAC, 7:30 p.m.

film:
Blue Mouse
Nosferatu 5:15, 7:15 & 9:15 p.m.
Stop Making Sense 11:00 p.m.
Varsity I
Top Gun 4:30, 7:00, & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema
Nosferatu the Vampire (German) 3:15 & 7:00
The Vigil (English) 5:15 & 9:00p.m.

music:
Honors & the Arts Series
University Singers
Arrive early; seats are free but limited. Refreshments will be served
Coray Auditorium, MSRB, 8:00 p.m.
Madame Butterfly
de Jong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

dance:
Faculty Dance Showcase
Dance Production Studio, RB, 7:30 p.m.

entertainment:
Backstage Comedy Night
Backstage Cafe, 10:00 p.m.

Friday, October 30

theatre:
Outrun the Night.
Margetts Arena Theater, 7:30 p.m.
Grease
The popular musical is being staged at the Egyptian Theatre, Park City, 8:00 p.m.
Greater Tuna
Backstage Cafe, 7:15 p.m.
Hamlet

Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
Wait Until Dark
Pardoe Theatre HFAC, 7:30 p.m.

film:
Varsity I
Little Shop of Horrors 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Varsity II
White Nights 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema
Nosferatu the Vampire (German) 3:15, 7:00 & 10:45 p.m.
The Vigil (English) 5:15 & 9:00 p.m.
Film Society
The Picture of Dorian Grey 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Blue Mouse
Nosferatu 5:15, 7:15 & 9:15 p.m.
Rocky Horror Picture Show 11:00 p.m.

music:
Madame Butterfly
De Jong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.
Performing Arts Series
Nova Sax Quartet
Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m.
Falstaff
De Jong Concert Hall, 7:30
Utah Symphony
Christopher Wilkins, conducting
Joseph Silverstein, violin
Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.
Backstage Concerts
Fusion Jazz: Dave West Combo
Backstage Cafe, 10:00 p.m.

dance:
Faculty Dance Showcase
Parable of Ten Virgins
Dance Production Studio, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m.

party:
Student Reviews Hallow's Eve Masquerade
Guests must masquerade as a historical person or object. The 2nd Annual Ghostly Road Rally will convene at 9:00 p.m.
800 N. 300 E. (The white house on the corner)
9:00 - Midnight RSVP: 375-1457

Saturday, October 31

area conference:
Priesthood Session
Time & location to be announced by bishops

theatre:
Outrun The Night
Margetts Arena Theatre, 7:30 p.m.
Grease
Egyptian Theatre, Park City, 8:00 p.m.
Hamlet
Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
tickets: 581-6961
Wait Until Dark
Pardoe Theatre HFAC, 7:30 p.m.

film:
Blue Mouse
Nosferatu 5:15, 7:15 & 9:15 p.m.
Rocky Horror Picture Show 11:00 p.m.

Party:
Backstage Halloween Party 9:00 pm

Sunday, November 1

area conference:
General Session
Marriott Center, 10:00 - Noon

television:
The Story of English
"The Gaid Scots Tongue" Ch. 11, 1:00 p.m.
The Complete Gilbert and Sullivan
Ruddigore
Ch. 11, 2:00 p.m.
The Constitution, That Delicate Balance
Ch. 11, 6:00 p.m.

Haunted Houses

All haunted houses will be open through Halloween night. For more information, see the reviews on page 4.

Haunted Castle
Utah State Hospital
1300 E. Center, Provo
7:00 - 10:00 p.m., Monday - Thursday
7:00 - 11:00 p.m., Friday & Saturday
Dracula's Castle of Doom
700 N. 200 W., SLC
Benefits Wild Bunch
7:00 - 11:00 p.m., Monday - Wednesday
7:00 - Midnight, Thursday - Saturday
Haunted Old Mill
6900 S. Big Cottonwood Road, SLC
Benefits American Heart Association
7:00 - 10:00 p.m., Monday - Thursday
7:00 - 11:00 p.m., Friday & Saturday
Haunted Woods
Wheeler Historic Farm
6351 S. 900 E., SLC
7:00 - 10:00 p.m., Monday - Thursday
7:00 - 11:00 p.m., Friday & Saturday
Institute of Terror
4788 S. State, SLC
7:00 - 10:00 p.m., Monday - Thursday
7:00 - 11:00 p.m., Friday & Saturday
March Of Dimes Haunted House
2930 S. State, SLC
7:00 - 10:00 p.m., Monday - Thursday
7:00 - 11:00 p.m., Friday & Saturday
Rock Loft Horror Castle
291 N. Mountain Road, Fruit Heights
7:00 - 10:00 p.m., Monday - Thursday
7:00 - 12:00 p.m., Friday & Saturday
Rocky Point/KTVX Haunted House
4100 N. Highway 89, SLC
7:00 - Midnight, Monday - Saturday

Monday, November 2

theatre:
Hamlet
Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

film:
Varsity I
Little Shop of Horrors 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30
Varsity II
White Nights 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Monte L. Bean Museum
Camouflage in Nature Through Pattern Matching (11 Minutes) 6:00, 7:00 & 9:00

television:
Special - Dementia of the Alzheimer's Type
Ch. 11, 8:30 p.m.

Tuesday, November 3

lecture:
Honors Module
Bruce Jorgensen on *The Tales of Hawthorne*
241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

theatre:
Hamlet
Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
Outrun the Night
Margetts Arena Theatre, 7:30 p.m.

film:
Varsity I
Little Shop of Horrors 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30
International Cinema
Therese (French) 3:15, 7:45 & 9:30 p.m.
The Sacrifice (Swedish) 6:00 p.m.

Wednesday, November 4

lecture:
Honors Module
Douglas E. Bush on J. S. Bach, Cantatas 61 and 80 and the Mass in B Minor
211 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

theatre:
Hamlet
Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
Outrun the Night
Margetts Arena Theatre, 7:30 p.m.

film:
Varsity I
Little Shop of Horrors 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30
Varsity II
Monte L. Bean Museum
International Cinema
The Sacrifice (Swedish) 3:15 & 7:45 p.m.
Therese (French) 6:00 & 9:30 p.m.

television:
Special - Dislexia: The Hidden Disability
Ch. 11, 11:00 p.m.

Thursday, November 5

lecture:
Honors Module
James E. Faulconer on Hans Georg Gadamer and His *Dialogue and Dialect*
241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

theatre:
Grease
The popular musical is being staged at the Egyptian Theatre, Park City, 8:00 p.m.
Hamlet
Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

film:
Varsity I
Little Shop of Horrors 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30
Varsity II
Monte L. Bean Museum
International Cinema
Lecture on the Sacrifice at 3:15 p.m.
The Sacrifice (Swedish) 3:45 & 8:15 p.m.
Therese (French) 6:30 p.m.

comedy:
Backstage Comedy

Friday, November 6

theatre:
Grease
The popular musical is being staged at the Egyptian Theatre, Park City, 8:00 p.m.
Hamlet
Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

film:
Varsity I
The Mission 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Varsity II
Legal Eagles 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema
Therese (French) 3:15 & 7:45 p.m.
The Sacrifice (Swedish) 5:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Film Society - 214 Crabtree Building
Spellbound 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

music:
Anthony Plog, Trumpet Soloist
DeJong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.
Utah Symphony
Andrew Litton, Guest Conductor
Bernstein, Schumann, Tchaikovsky, & Brahms
Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.

Longevity from front page

careful regulation of thymosin levels in humans may lead to a significantly expanded life span.

A much more dramatic theory of life prolongation comes from Richard Cutler of the Baltimore Gerontology Research Center. He says that though many scientists have come to believe that the genetics of the aging process are too complex to understand, in actuality, they may be quite simple. Basing his theory on a complex study of the evolution rate of human longevity, Cutler believes that less than 6% of the human genome is involved in the aging process. He explains that much of the aging that takes place in the cells is due to a systematic breakdown of the DNA by oxidation reactions.

Controlling the levels of chemicals inhibiting this reaction could theoretically increase realistic life expectancy to about 100 years. Modifying the regulator genes, which prompt the transcription of mRNA for the synthesis of various compounds, could theoretically prevent these oxidation reactions to a great enough extent that people could live to an age of 200 years.

Still another idea for the prolonging of life lies in scientist's hopes for dealing with individuals who have contracted diseases for which there is no known cure. In 1660 a Fellow of the Royal Society froze vinegar eel-worms. When they thawed, they went on living and reproducing in a normal manner.

Since then, there has been interest in the possibility of preserving living organisms by freezing.



In the past few decades an amazing number of people have paid somewhere around \$100,000 to have their bodies specially frozen in hopes that their bodies can be thawed sometime in the future when doctors can cure the diseases which are killing them.

According to Arthur Rowe, head of the Cryobiology lab of the New York Blood Center, most of these bodies were severely enough damaged by the freezing that they will not be in a functional state when thawed.

However, cell membranes seem to incur the most damage from the freezing, and the understanding of the effects of freezing on the cell membranes is increasing. It may someday be possible for scientists to freeze a person without permanently damaging the cell membranes. If so, the preservation of those with incurable diseases until they could be successfully treated would significantly contribute to prolonging life.

It is important to realize that as exciting as these ideas are, they are only ideas. Unfortunately, scientists do not have the technology to actually put any of them into practice. But before any of them could be used on people, they would need significantly more substantiation than they do now. It is likely that none of these solutions will be as clear cut as they seem. On the other hand, they might not be as complex and unattainable as many think.

Immortality from front page

mind.

Judith Stillion of Western Carolina University explains the implications of this research. "What little we know to date suggests strongly that the mind and the body are indeed a unity... If mind is brain and brain is a central part of the body, then dualism is dead."

But if dualism is in fact alive, then human immortality is plausible. Near-death-experiences (NDEs) provide one body of direct evidence for life after death.

Much of the evidence is anecdotal, but it is still worth examination. Dr. Elizabeth Kubler Ross, a prominent researcher of immortality, has collected anecdotes of children's NDEs. She found that in some cases children claim to meet dead relatives whom they did not know. One girl was able to describe a brother who died before she was born and whose existence the parents had never told her.

Many studies have seemed to substantiate immortality. The Moody survey conducted by Doctor Raymond Moody in 1975 interviewed 150 people who claimed to have experienced NDEs. From the surveys, he was able to establish that these experiences have many common characteristics. This would seem to rule out that NDEs have been contrived.

Other studies have replicated the Moody research. The Ring, Ross, and Sabom surveys conducted in America, Hampe's survey in Germany, as well as other cross-cultural studies all seem to support the claim that NDEs share common characteristics.

But the Moody survey has been widely criticized. The Badham's suspect him of biasing his information. But even if his report is reasonably objective, problems such as a lack of representative sampling procedures, corroboration, and cross-variant checks—not to mention interviewing problems—render his results highly suspect.

Most of the replications suffer from the same defects. Further, Ring's replication showed that violent NDEs were just as com-

mon as the pleasant experiences described by Moody.

Some researchers, most notably Dr. Russel Noyes, have explained NDEs as a result of physiological changes occurring in the person nearing death. Some diseases interfere with sleep and nutrition. Starvation and sleep deprivation have been shown to sometimes induce hallucinations. So, patients suffering from these types of diseases could mistake these hallucinations with an NDE.

Cancer and kidney or liver failure can toxify the body, inducing profound psychological changes. Patients suffering from cancer, hepatic or renal diseases might be subject to toxification and subsequently mistake the psychological effects with an

logical explanation of NDEs. They surveyed 606 American and East Indian medical personnel who observed patients during NDEs. They found that the relevant physiological factors were in no way correlated to the frequency of NDEs. So, the physiological model seems to "break down when one actually looks at the medical records of the people involved."

But Osis and Haraldsson's study has been criticized on several levels. Because the data only represents a 20% response and relies on recollections, it has been discounted as insufficient. Also, the failure to quantify the lack of physiological influences in the survey could show that anoxia or other physiological influences need not be severe to induce hallucinations, not that physiological

tion. Professor Ian Stevenson of the University of Virginia has investigated more than 1300 cases over the past two decades. In one case a Lebanese boy named Imad claimed memory of a former life. He was able to describe in detail forty-seven memories of his previous life, including where he lived and who his family was. When the information was investigated, he was exactly right in forty-four of the forty-seven recollections.

Stevenson has compiled hundreds of such examples. His research is respected for its emphasis on detail and procedure.

People have also claimed memory of former lives under hypnosis. Probably the most famous case is of Ruth Mill Simmons, who claimed to be Bridey Murphey—a nineteenth-century Irishwoman. The details of Simmons account were confirmed.

But further research has tended to discount this as an expression of cryptomnesia—a creation of an artificial personality constructed from subconscious information derived from reading or other experience not consciously remembered. There have been many cases of hypnotically induced former life memories that were later discounted because a source of the subconscious information was found. In the Simmons case, she had acquaintances originally from Ireland who knew Bridey Murphey.

One set of cases cannot be explained by cryptomnesia. These are the cases where subjects can fluently speak the language of their former selves. Annie Baker was able under hypnosis to speak French fluently. She claimed memories of a former life during the French Revolution.

Overall, the information surrounding life after death is probably inconsequential to people who have a strong faith in immortality because of their religious convictions. It is probably not very conclusive in determining if there is life after the grave either. However, the information may be useful in a world that more and more demands scientific (or at least quasi-scientific) evidence to support claims of any nature—secular or religious.

Psychiatrist Stanislov Grof conducted an experiment showing that those under the influence of LSD report similar experiences to those who have had near-death experiences.

NDE. Anoxia or the lack of oxygen is a frequent condition for persons suffering from lung diseases or cardiac arrest. Anoxia can produce abnormal mental states that could be mistaken for an NDE.

Drug-induced hallucinations are probably the most important element in the physiological model. Psychiatrist Stanislov Grof conducted an experiment showing that those underneath influence of hallucinogens (LSD in this case) report similar experiences to those described in the Moody survey. In fact, the experiences seem to be so similar that those who claimed having NDEs and who also participated in Grof's psychedelic sessions noted the extreme similarity of the two experiences.

However, a study conducted by parapsychologists Karlis Osis and Erlender Haraldsson seems to discount the physio-

factors did not influence hallucinations.

In addition to NDEs, psychical research establishing communications from beyond the grave has been used to support the immortality hypotheses. One famous anecdote concerns James L. Chaffin who died in 1921, apparently leaving a will that established his third son to be the sole heir. Four years after the father's death, the senior Chaffin appeared to his second son and informed him of a second will that divided the property equally among his four children. The will was found and the North Carolina court upheld it.

This case is often cited as particularly valid because of its thorough scrutiny from the court. Also, the second son's claim of ignorance is likely true given the stakes of the inheritance.

Research into reincarnation is a third area of inquiry surrounding the immortality ques-